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DECEMBER 1906

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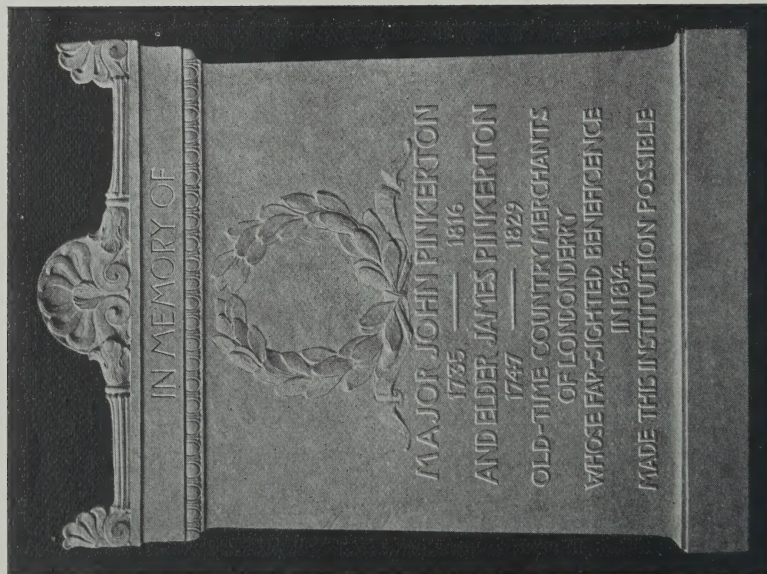
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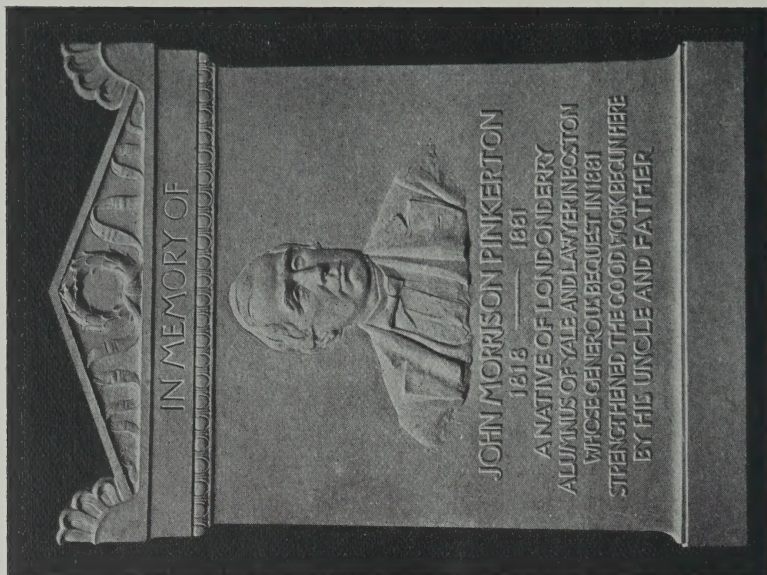
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BY HIS UNCLE AND FATHER

The Pinkerton Critic.

VOL. III.

DERRY, N. H., DECEMBER, 1906.

NO. II

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DERRY, N. H., 1906.

The Pinkerton Memorial Tablets.

Since our last issue the Pinkerton memorial tablets have been placed upon the walls of the outer vestibule of the main building and fine half-tone cuts of them appear upon another page.

It is particularly gratifying that after nearly a century of existence our institution can pride itself upon possessing such artistic and appropriate memorials to its founders and the more recent donor of a munificent gift to further its work, telling in terse style who and what they were

and what they did to deserve these tributes in bronze.

From now on no oral explanation will be required for the benefit of visitors who naturally desire to know something of the history of the institution and the origin of its name, and our own student body will now have no excuse for being deficient in this knowledge.

The tablets are 26 by 34 inches, exceedingly attractive in appearance, and are of government bronze, cast under the supervision of the artist. They were designed by one of America's most noted sculptors, Daniel Chester French, whose father, Hon. Henry F. French, a native of Chester, was one of the academy's distinguished alumni. The grandfather of the artist, Hon. William M. Richardson, also of Chester and a Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the state, was for many years the president of our Board of Trustees.

The academy is to be congratulated that personal friendship for an old school-mate,—the chairman of the tablet committee,—and an interest in the institution with which his father and grandfather had been so intimately connected, secured the services of so distinguished an artist, and the result of his labors will delight the eye, and tell future generations of students to whom they are indebted for the superior educational privileges they are enjoying.

The inscriptions were arranged by President Charles W. Eliot of Harvard University. It is a matter for congratulation that the tablet committee were able to enlist the interest and good offices of so eminent an authority on such work.

Memories of Old Pinkerton.

BY MRS. FANNIE WEBSTER RAY.

I can say Old Pinkerton, for since my school days the new attractive building bearing the same name has been reared on the spot where the old academy stood for so many years.

My recollections of those early school-days are very precious to me. I recall the first term I attended the academy, which was a great event in my life. It was during the teaching of John W. Ray, and his assistant Miss Allison, who years after became the wife of Rev. C. W. Wallace of Manchester, that good old man whom many will remember.

District No. 9, in which I lived, afforded but meagre opportunities for an education, as we had but two terms a year, and those not often of more than eight weeks each.

We usually attended the fall term,—I say we, as several of my brothers and sisters were students at the academy at different times. The walking was better at that season, and as we had a long distance to go, (two miles and a half strong) it better suited our convenience. Our people carried us when it rained, and we were often invited by our friends to remain over night in case they could not go for us.

The hospitable home of the Dinsmores, in the house now occupied by Mr. Reynolds, could always make room for one or two more in their large family, and many times we were entertained by the Brick-

etts, whose house was located where the Association Building now stands. As we lived near the railroad, the distance was considerably shortened by walking upon the track for about a mile. After following the railroad for about half a mile we were joined by the Shutes, and when we reached the Depot, our numbers were reinforced by the members of several families, such as the Nevins, Holmes, Currier, Horne and Priest families, so we did not mind our walk very much. Between the Depot and Boyd's, we usually heard the ringing of the half-past eight academy bell, which gave us ample time to reach our destination before the tolling of the nine o'clock bell. In imagination I seem to hear it even now calling us to our school work.

Speaking of the old bell brings to my mind the time when it became cracked, which did not improve its tone. One day several of the boys (I will spare their names) during the noon hour, climbed into the belfry tower and moved the old bell from the position where it had hung so long, and dropped it to the ground below. It landed upon the doorstone and broke into a great number of pieces. There did not happen to be any one on the steps at the time, so no one was injured. I was in the lower hall and heard the terrible crash and, it was my good fortune to secure one of the pieces, of which I am the happy possessor to this

day. When Mr. Stanton arrived upon the scene, the scholars were not allowed to take any more souvenirs as the bell was to be recast. I don't remember that anything was done about the affair; when inquiries were made, Mr. Nobody probably was the one who did the mischief. The consequence was that after a time we had a new bell.

At the celebration of the Semi-Centennial of Pinkerton Academy, which took place in a large tent upon the academy grounds in 1866, among the anecdotes related by former pupils was the following. It happened while Preceptor Burnham, as they used to call him, was principal. There were a quantity of bricks left in the open space above the main room, and one of the boys arranged them in such a manner that by tying a string to one and giving it a pull, he could cause them to fall one upon another, making a terrible clatter. The boy led the string down on the outside in some way, then through the window into the school-room to where he sat. During the morning devotions while everything was very quiet and the teacher was offering prayer, the bad boy gave the string a pull and a dreadful noise followed. When he had finished his prayer he said: "I have heard of airquakes and earthquakes, but I think this must have been an airquake." I am quite sure the sound of the bell upon the stone door steps sounded more like an earthquake.

I probably am one among a small number of the girls who ever had extremely high aspirations. A large number of the scholars carried their dinners, so the noon hour was spent in various ways. One day I remember my sister Nellie and two or three girls and myself, thought

we would "mount the ladder round by round," from the upper hall through the scuttle, and thence by climbing we reached the height of our ambitions in the belfry tower. There we inscribed our names in letters of lead pencil. We could not long remain in that lofty position; there was danger of feeling too much above the other girls, and we soon had to descend to the common level.

Our astronomy class was very much interested in tracing constellations. I well recall the evening when we watched the occultation of Venus. Our observations were made from the academy grounds. Although it was hardly allowable, the girls were guarded,—not by "the man in the moon," but by some of the boys who were then on earth.

In those days they used to hold lyceums at the academy. In the evening the lower hall was faintly lighted; we made no use of Electricity then, though there were sparks around indicative of the presence of some attractive influence, and one young man asked the wrong girl for her company home. Then he exclaimed: "Oh, I have made a mistake! I thought it was Miss ——!" I will not give her name, for if she were to see what I have written, it might even to this day cause her to blush. I will say however, that she is still unmarried and resides in Derry.

The accommodations for drinking water were rather limited. The pump upon the school grounds was most of the time out of order, and the water was not of the best quality, so we daily wended our way to Capt. Choate's residence, and quenched our thirst from "The Old Oak. en Bucket which hung in the well" in the shed at the rear of the house. I think

we were always civil, as I do not remember of any objections being made for the privilege we enjoyed.

I entered the academy when quite young, consequently my connection with the school extended over a period of eight years. We were not obliged to go through the trying ordeal of passing examinations then as now.

I, as it were, obtained my education upon the instalment plan, but unlike that way of procuring things in these days, what I earned by honest, hard study, no one could take from me, though I came far short of knowing it all.

At the age of sixteen I taught my first school, and as I had usually but two terms, the remaining part of each year I pursued my studies at the academy. The school year was then divided into four terms.

Football was a game indulged in by the boys with a great deal of interest while Mr. Boltwood was instructor, and he enjoyed the game as much as any of the boys. I seem to hear them shout "Rush in boys!" as I recall those very exciting games upon the academy grounds.

No other teacher whom I remember gave us the valuable instruction that we received under Mr. Stanton. When he undertook to teach a subject, he went to the root of it, and we knew it after being under his tuition. Miss Twitchell, who assisted Mr. Stanton, was a lovely, strong, Christian character. Her influence for good was felt by all the pupils.

It was while Mr. Stanton and Miss Twitchell had charge of the school that there was a great revival among the scholars, and many were converted and became

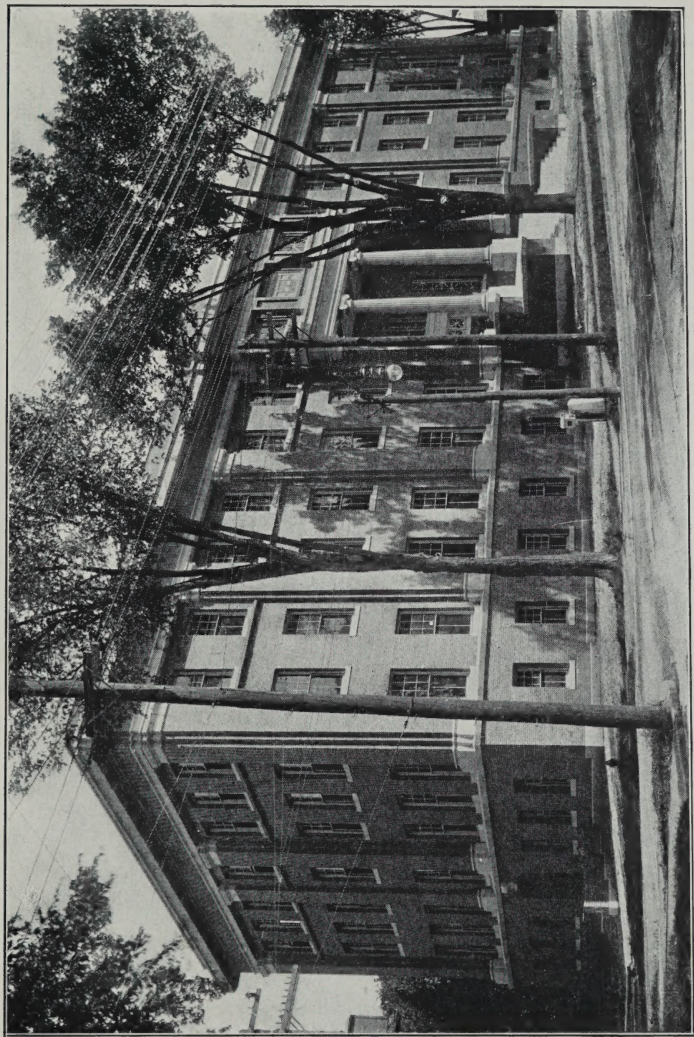
active, consistent Christians. I bring to mind the helpful prayer meetings held in Miss Twitchell's room after school one day each week for a long time. Mr. Stanton presented each of the students a copy of the New Testament. These Testaments were captured December 6, 1863, from the cargo of the Anglo-Rebel Blockade Runner, Minna, off Wilmington, by the government despatch ship Circassian, commanded by Capt. W. B. Eaton, and were placed on sale by W. H. Piper & Co., of Boston. I prize the copy I received very highly.

In reviewing the past, I am impressed that we have very much for which to be thankful, that it was ever put into the hearts of Major John and Elder James Pinkerton, to found a school in our old town of Derry, and also for the munificent bequest left by John M. Pinkerton, son of Elder James, which made it possible to erect the beautiful new building with increased facilities for accomplishing a much greater good for the rising generations; and that it has been, and still will be in years to come, of such untold worth to so many of the sons and daughters of our good old town.

In the language of the song, prepared for and sung at the Alumni banquet which took place at the Crawford House, Boston, on March last, we will say:

"O Pinkerton we'll cherish—
Thy blessed name away;
Ne'er shall thy glory perish,
Hail Pinkerton for aye!"

NOTE—The second article in this series will be "Before de War," by George Brickett.



University of Vermont College of Medicine.

The Princess.

ANNA MARTHA BARNDOLLAR.

This Essay was Awarded the Second Prize in the Derby Contest in Composition, 1906.

Until so recent a date as 1847, England, with all her chivalry and knightly deeds, "redressing human wrongs" was deaf to "the outcries against injustice to women." At the time this poem was written, the two great social questions pending in England were: the education of the poor man before making him master, and the higher education of women. With the coming of Victoria, the social conditions began to improve, but it remained for Lord Tennyson to come out openly with a declaration in favor of higher education and more liberal rights for women. Other writers had touched upon this theme,—as Shakespeare in the "Loves' Labour's Lost" and Shelley in the "Revolt of Islam," and even Addison and Steele inaugurated the good work in the eighteenth century. But the sentiment had not met with general approval.

Women were regarded as the toys and slaves of men. Their wills, their faculties, and their very characters had been lost in those of men. Man was the hunter, woman was his game.

Public morals were at a low ebb at this time, and the whole attention of the people was directed toward the building up of a vast commercial nation. Tennyson recognized the fact that in order to perpetuate England's commercial greatness, her social structure had to be strengthened. Shelley in the "Revolt of Islam" asked, "Can man be free if woman is a slave?" And so Tennyson set out to deal

with the question, and "turning to scorn, with lips divine, The falsehood of extremes," he set up the supremacy of woman in the home and made the home the centre of all ennobling thoughts and impulses. He thought woman must train herself to do the large work which lies before her; cultivating not her memory only, but her understanding, her imagination, her inborn sympathy for all that is pure, noble and beautiful rather than for mere social accomplishments. The strength of the empire must be made to depend on the purity of the home, and that purity can come only through an equal standard for men and for women.

It was, indeed, a difficult task to set before a hostile public such views as Tennyson held in opposition to the customs and traditions of centuries. How to make England see her peril and her need and also the remedy was the question. So he conceived the story of "The Princess" and created the character of "Ida," who should express the opposition which he himself felt toward the existing customs.

While the theme itself was a most unpopular one, there was another difficulty. People read but little, and in order that he might reach the people he desired to affect, he had to clothe his sentiments in popular language and to introduce such novelty as would ensure reading. It is a difficult thing to hold the interest of readers through the utterances of one charac-

ter for a long period and so Tennyson evolved the "Medley", a series of stories related in turn and all joined together to make a consistent whole.

The poem roused a storm of criticisms, both from those who did not accept his views, and from those who criticized the poem from a literary point of view, for it was totally different from previous efforts.

In time the tumult of opposition died down and the people began to appreciate the merit of the work, and to recognize in it a strong moral factor and a beautiful literary composition. The poem itself is a masterpiece and shows Tennyson's wonderful versatility as perhaps no other poem does. He handled his material in a direct, artistic and simple manner.

The story tells how King Gama betroths his daughter Ida, in infancy, to a Prince of the North. In due time, he goes to claim her, and finds that she has refused to allow herself to be bartered away as the "toy of men," and that she has established a college for women, far away from men, in order that women may be taught all knowledge known to men. The Prince and two of his college companions disguise themselves and enter the College. One of the Prince's companions is discovered, and after the disclosure of the imposture, Ida receives letters from the Prince's father declaring war against her unless she give herself in marriage to his son.

Princess Ida calls on her warrior brothers to support her cause, and both sides

agree to have a tournament of fifty against fifty knights. The battle ensues, and the Prince's party is wounded and overthrown. Out of pity, the Princess throws open the college doors and turns the college into a hospital. She takes care of the Prince, and when his health returns, she tells of her new-born love for him, thus bringing about the true union.

In the beginning Ida errs. She sees both types of womanhood, the enslaved and the free; but only one type of man in his relation to woman; either him who treats her like a vassal to be beaten, or him who treats her like a babe to be played with. And again, she thinks that by isolation from man, woman can obtain such knowledge as will lift her upon the same plane with man. So these errors, which the Princess made in the establishing of her college, were the cause of its downfall.

This story teaches us that knowledge is an excellent thing for women; but it must be properly mixed with humanity. Woman has her sphere, and knowledge helps her to fill it. Her influence is a far-reaching one, but let her take care how she wields it.

This poem accomplished in England what Tennyson intended that it should, for it awakened men to their responsibilities toward woman and Tennyson did more by this poem than any other writer of any other age. His prophecy has come true, in our own day, and women may well be grateful to him.

Athletics.

FOOTBALL.

Pinkerton's football season ended on Nov. 17, with the annual game with Sanborn Seminary. On the whole the team has played well, although at times, notably in the game with Stoneham, it has seemed as if more might well be expected. Our greatest handicap this fall has been the difficulty we have had in getting the entire team out for regular practice. This is a failing that makes it impossible to develop good team work, and good team work is what we have missed on several occasions.

We have every reason to congratulate ourselves on having such a coach as Mr. B. H. Squires of Harvard. He is a thorough master of the game, and a coach for whom it is a pleasure to work.

As was related in the October CRITIC, our first two games were with Concord and Manchester. We defeated Concord 10 to 6 and lost to Manchester 0 to 6.

PINKERTON 4 ; NASHUA 0.

Oct. 13, we defeated Nashua at Nashua 4 to 0, in a close snappy game. The two teams were evenly matched, and neither could get a touchdown. Fred Corson kicked a goal from placement in the first half. Pinkerton's line was impregnable, every man playing a great game. Corson's long punts were a prominent feature of P. A.'s offense, while Nashua made several long gains on trick plays.

The line-up:

PINKERTON.	NASHUA H. S.
H. C. Abbott, le	re, Lee
Wilson, lt	rt, Griswold
H. Corson, lg	rg, Scanlon
Morrison, c	c, Seaman
Hunt, rg	lg, Emerson

Clark, rt,	lt, McLucas
Kaulback (Bradford), re	le, Moran
Knight, qb,	qb, Coggins
Griffiths, lhb	rhb, Hargraves
Barndollar (H. V. Abbott), rhb	lhb, Ekstrom
F. Corson, lt	fb, Labine

Goal from placement—F. Corson. Umpire—Church. Referee—Squires. Linesmen—French and Ayer. Timers—Morgan and Reynolds. Time 20 and 15 minute halves.

PINKERTON 4 ; NASHUA 0.

October 17, Nashua came to Derry and were defeated in another 4 to 0 game, the third in two years. Fred Corson was again successful in booting the ball from placement. The game was close, both teams playing well. Nashua claimed a touchdown at the end of the game when one of her punts crossed P. A.'s goal line and a Nashua player fell on it. She was mistaken of course, for it was in reality only a touchback.

The line up:

PINKERTON	NASHUA
Bradford re	le Lee
Kaulback re	
Clark rt	lt Moran
Hunt rg	lg McLucas
Morrison c	c Seaman
H. Corson lg	rg Emerson
Wilson lt	rt Griswold
H. C. Abbott le	re Rogers
Knight qb	qb Coggins
Barndollar lhb	rhb Hargraves
Griffiths rhb	lhb Ekstrom
F. Corson lb	fb Labine

Goal from placement, F. Corson. Referee, Church. Umpire, Squires. Linesmen, H. Corson and Burke. Timers, Prin. Fay and Reynolds. Time, 20 and 15 minute halves.

DUMMER 22 ; PINKERTON 0.

October 27, P. A. went to South Byfield, Mass., and were outclassed. Dummer's playing was a revelation to our fellows, and never for a minute did Pinkerton have even a re-

mote possibility of winning. The game, though a hard one, was very enjoyable on account of the clean and manly spirit of both sides. Pinkerton looks forward with pleasant anticipation to contests with Dummer in coming years.

The lineup:

DUMMER.	PINKERTON
Cole, le	re, Kaulback (Bradford)
Sosa, lt	rt, Clark
Randall, lg	rg, Hunt
Carver, c	c Morrison
Lord, rg	lg, H. Corson
Sanford, rt	lt, Wilson (Clifford)
Ingalls, re	le, Raitt
Dean, qb	qb Knight
Washington, lhb	rhb, Howard Abbott
Lamson, rhb	lhb, Griffiths
Ambrose, fb	fb F. Corson

Touchdowns, Cole, Lamson, Dean 2. Goals from touchdowns, Lamson, Dean. Referee, French. Umpire, Reynolds. Timer, Mr. Knight. 20 and 15 minute halves.

STONEHAM 5; PINKERTON 0.

November 3, we lost a game at West Derry that we ought to have won or at least tied. Stoneham was of about our class, and although she won by good hard work, we ought to have held our own. Pinkerton did not show the team work that earlier in the season had been such an encouraging feature.

The line-up.

STONEHAM.	PINKERTON.
Blakeborough, le	re, Bradford
Gay, lt	rt Clark
Jones, lg	rg, Hunt
Gray, c	c, Morrison
Perry, rg	lg, H. Corson
Bachelor, rt	lt, Clifford (F. Corson)
Danaby (Capt.) re	le, Raitt
Eldersin, qb	qb, Knight
Hurl, lhb	rhb, Abbott
Grant, rhb	lhb, Griffiths
McLaughlin, fb	fb, Wilson

Touchdown, McLaughlin. Referee and Umpire, Reynolds and Kelly. Linesmen, How and Jenkins. Timer, Shepard. 20 minute halves.

MANCHESTER 26; PINKERTON 0.

November 7, we could do nothing against

Manchester, except during the first ten minutes when it looked like a touchdown for P. A. Manchester outplayed us during the rest of the game, and showed a team that was far superior to ours in weight, speed and training.

The line up:

MANCHESTER.	PINKERTON.
Lamorey (Laflamme), le,	re, Kaulback
Taggart, lt,	rt, Clark
Sanborn, lg,	rg, Hunt (Bradford)
Hooper, rg,	c, Morrison
Morrill, c,	lg, H. Corson
N. Fradd, rt,	lt, Griffiths
Gillis (Lamorey), re,	le, Raitt
Shanahan (Capt.) qb,	qb, Knight
J. Fradd (Desilets), rhb,	rhb, Abbott
Way, lhb,	lhb, H. Wilson
Parmerter, fb,	fb, F. Corson

Touchdowns—Parmenter 2, Way, Morrill. Goals from touchdowns—Shanahan 2. Goal from placement, Parmenter. Referee—Squires Umpire—Broadhead. Linesmen—Shepard and Clark. Timers—Reynolds and Bartlett. 25 and 20 minute halves.

DUMMER 10; PINKERTON 5.

November 13, at West Derry, we gave Dummer a snappy game and played what was probably the best contest in Derry during the season. Dummer was weaker than in the first game, and P. A. played better. Kaulback's run of 75 yards for a touchdown after receiving the ball by a forward pass was the prettiest feature. Clifford's work in Howard Corson's place was especially good. Dean's playing for Dummer was a splendid exhibition.

The line-up.

DUMMER.	PINKERTON.
Ingalls, re	le, Bradford
Sanford, rt	lt, Wilson
Lord, rg	lg, Clifford
Carver, c	c, Harrison
Sosa, lg	rg, Hunt
Mosley, Capt. lt	rt, Clark
Cole, le	re, Kaulback
Dean, qb	qb, Knight
Lamson, rhb	lhb, Griffiths
Washington, lhb	rhb, Abbott (Raitt)

Ambrose, fb
Touchdowns, Lamson, Ambrose, Kaulback.
Referee, French. Umpire, Reynolds. Linesmen, Young and H. Corson. Timers, Shepard and Randall, 15 and 20 minute halves.

PINKERTON 6 ; SANBORN 5.

The annual game with Sanborn Seminary at Kingston, November 17, was the great event of the season. The teams were evenly matched and the score shows the closeness of the contest, Sanborn losing only by missing a goal. Sanborn made what was in all probability a second touchdown, but Cheney, who carried the ball over after a blocked kick, was called back by the referee because he appeared to have stepped over the sideline. The fact seems to be that the referee was in error, although innocently so, for the crowd had forced the linesmen to stand some feet inside the edge of the field and the side line was invisible on account of the snow,

Sanborn excelled in heavy line-bucking, using Collins, her big full-back, with very telling effect. P. A. excelled in open play, her on-side kicks and forward passes gaining lots of ground. Pinkerton's plucky up-hill work in the second half when she made her touchdown, was splendid. Knight did most of P. A.'s punting, and did it well; he also handled Sanborn's punts cleanly and ran them back for long gains. Clark's run of twenty yards for a touchdown was a finely executed play.

The line-up.

PINKERTON.

Raitt le
Wilson lt
H. Corson lg
Morrison c
Hunt rg

SANBORN.

re Kemp (Capt.)
rt Carr
rg Silloway
c Flanders
lg Palmer

Clark (Capt.) rt
Kaulback re
Bradford re
Knight qb
Griffiths lhb
Abbott rhb
F. Corson fb
Touchdowns, Clark, Collins. Goal from
touchdown, Knight. Referee, Carrier of
Sanborn. Umpires, Hess of Sanborn,
Reynolds of P. A. Linesmen, Warren,
S. S. and Gross P. A. '06 Timers, Dr.
Kemp of Sanborn, Shepard P. A. '07.
Time, 20 minute halves.

lt Tucker
le Ladd

qb Flint
rhb Cheney
lhb Burrill
fb Collins

By winning the football game with Sanborn we are entitled to have our name put three times upon the cup for which the two schools are competing. The other two contests won by P. A. are the track meet and base ball games of last spring. The cup will be awarded to the school winning the greater number out of fifteen contests.

The following boys have won their P's in football this fall by playing in at least three games: Howard Abbott, Harold Abbott, Paul Barndollar, Maurice Bradford, John Clark, Paul Clifford, Fred Corson, Howard Corson, David Griffiths, George Hunt, George Kaulback, Ira Knight, Ivan Morrison, Vernon Raitt, Clarence Wilson.

Next season we should start with all but four of this year's regular team, only Bradford, Kaulback, Knight, and Morrison being seniors. We hope that every other fellow will be in school and ready to do all in his power to make the 1907 team the strongest ever known at Pinkerton.

We shall begin next spring to play on our new field which has been made in the valley behind Hildreth Hall. The Trustees have spared no expense to make this as fine an athletic field as any in New Hampshire.

Alumni Department.

Alumni Notes.

(* Denotes non-graduate, year given being last of attendance.)

*'57. Mr. Fred Kent holds the position of inspector at the Boston Custom House. Mr. Kent always makes it a point to introduce himself to all the Derry people who pass through his hands.

*'63. Mrs. Fannie Webster Ray, the writer of "Memories of Old Pinkerton" which is published in this number, was born and educated in Derry. Her parents were James and Maria (Eayrs) Webster, whose home was where her brother John now lives.

During, and after finishing her course at Pinkerton, she followed the occupation of teaching for twenty years. She taught in Derry, Londonderry, Windham, Hampstead and Rumney, N. H., and in Bradford and Newton, Mass. Among her pupils in Derry Village may be mentioned the Poors, Clarks, Hows, Bartletts, Goodwins, Couches and Hoods.

In 1894 she married Harvey Ray, who has been for many years a grocer in Haverhill, Mass., and has since made that city her home.

*'70. Fred P. Virgin of Concord, N. H., who spent last winter in California, has returned East, and is working for a Boston firm as traveling salesman.

*'74. David F. Perkins represents the lumber interests of the Annis Co., and lives at North Londonderry.

*'76. Miss Josephine L. Chase is teaching in Lawrence, Mass.

'80. Mrs. Mattie Gilman Merrill is

matron of a club house on Beacon Hill, Boston.

*'83. Mr. and Mrs. Edward Haskell (Linda Graves) are living in Pittsfield, Mass. They have three sons, one in Yale, one in Harvard, and the third in a fitting school. Mr. Haskell is a M. I. T. graduate, and is general manager of a division of the B. & A. R. R.

'86. Miss Elizabeth E. Goodwin is a primary teacher in Everett, Mass.

*'88. The improvement of our Derry mail service is largely due to the efforts of Herbert E. Tebbetts, who is a Railway Mail Clerk.

'00. Prof. Arthur S. Todd sailed for Bremen, Germany, Nov. 8.

'01. Harry Union Russell, who has been taking post-graduate work at the University of Wisconsin, has accepted a position as teacher there.

'01. Mr. and Mrs. John H. Bell have moved from Derry to Florence, Mass.

*'03. Gladys Wilton was recently appointed president of her class at Boston University.

'03. Herrick Clement is at present working in Newark, N. J. His address is 51 Orange St.

Engagements.

Ethel Watson of Boston to William Forsaith, ('04.)

Marriages.

Providence, R. I., Sept. 21, William H. N. Bryant of Banbury, Oxfordshire, Eng-

land, and Ida May Pattee (*'96) of Providence.

Manchester, Oct. 11, Winfred S. Bradford (*'02) and Ethel May Reed (*'97) both of Derry.

Deerfield, Oct. 17, George W. Brown (*'86) and Bertha M. Rand both of Deerfield.

West Derry, Oct. 27, John C. Mead of Brooklyn, N. Y., and Sara E. Wheeler (*'96) of Derry.

Bridgeport, Conn., Dec. 4, Frank D. Bell (*'83) and Marion M. Patterson, both of Bridgeport.

Mrs. John T. Webster, (Lizzie Haskins '95), a daughter, Helen Denham.

Salisbury, Mass., Oct. 27, to Mr. and Mrs. Charles Spaulding (Nellie Brown '95) a son, Jacob Franklin.

Falmouth, Mass., Nov. 3, to Mr. and Mrs. Arthur L. Proctor (Sylvia N. May *'01), a daughter.

Derry, Nov. 18, to Prof. and Mrs. Arthur W. Reynolds, a son, Arthur Warren, Jr.

West Derry, Nov. 13, to Mr. and Mrs. Walter H. Warren (Mabel Hepworth *'02), a daughter.

Births.

Pueblo, Col., Aug. 29, to Mr. and Mrs. Edson Sellers (Annetta Greene *'00), a son.

Dorchester, Mass., Oct. 10, to Mr. and

Deaths.

West Derry, Nov. 9, Richard Martin, aged 4 months, son of Dr. and Mrs. Harry W. Newell ('91).

Chester, Dec. 1, infant son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Wells (Clara Leighton *'95).

The Academy Crow.



Caw! Caw! Merry Christmas! From my old seat on the maple between the two buildings I still watch the boys and girls day after day as they come and go along the paths. Sometimes a laughing merry face is missing, and then again it returns as merry and laughing as ever. How happy and free from care they all seem to be! And why should they not, for are they not now in the brightest, sunniest days of life? I love to sit and watch them, for somehow their mirth and merri-

ment are contagious, and make the dull, leafless, winter world brighter and more cheerful for me.

For many days I missed Donald Learnard from his seat in Mr. Reynolds's room. By and by he appeared again, the same jolly little chap, and I discovered that he had been kept at home by scarlet fever. I was glad to have him back again, for I am very fond of the Juniors, whose room is located so near my perch.

I have whiled away many hours lately in enjoying the new pictures and statuary that the trustees have recently bought. As I look in through the big front doors of the Academy I can see at the end of the corridor the beautiful Aphrodite of

Melos. Close at hand will soon be seen the Winged Victory. A portion of the frieze of the Parthenon is in the library, and in the several recitation rooms are the pictures. In Miss Parsons's room is Socrates teaching his pupils. Mr. Bingham's office has the Grand Canal of Venice, Mr. Reynolds's boys and girls are admiring Washington's Farewell to His Generals, Mr. Campbell has Giotto's Tower in Florence, and in the chapel hangs a picture of portion of the Roman Temple of Castor and Pollux.

Somewhere about Hallowe'en, being suddenly startled by the sound of merry laughter, I happened to look down on a group of happy people, who, as I heard them say, were going to give the best sociable of the year. And I had such a pleasant time that night at the sociable, which proved to be given by the Junior Middlers, that I went and dreamed the whole thing over again. There were some tableaux excellently executed by various members of the class. One that pleased me particularly was where a fellow acted out the part of Simple Simon; he looked just as natural as could be, Oh! the whole affair was fine.

At last I am glad to crow over the fact that the foot ball season is over, though I am glad that the fellows gained the reputation of playing a much better game at the end of the season than at the first, as was shown by their beautiful playing at the second Dummer game. Then too I am happy because they came home again from Kingston with a victory. P. A. is getting quite a grip on that athletic cup.

At last they have decided to have a play, and it is going to be Macbeth. Isn't that glorious? There are going to be

some fine actors in it too. The parts have been already assigned. May it be as successful as its predecessors. I shall spend lots of my time next term listening to the rehearsals.

How glad I shall be to sit on the piano and watch the great event of the year, the P. A. Athletic Association entertainment. Let everyone do his best for it and bring lots of money to spend, for I am told that "Turn Him Out" and "Box and Cox" will be the funniest plays ever given at the Academy.

Let me tell you something that I saw one day in the boy's basement. A boy of the Senior class was twice initiated into the rainy-day club for having his hair cut. I think somebody said, he had better bring an umbrella next time he wanted to be initiated.

November 23, one of the finest sociables ever given at P. A. was given with grand success by the Middlers. I knew it was coming, for one day I saw two boys of the '08 class carrying up some decorations to try them on the electric lights. There must have been a great deal of work in it. When that great Friday evening arrived you could see little knots of '08's in different parts of the building, looking as happy as myself. They had been very busily working in the afternoon, and when they were done I peeped in and how dazzled I was by exquisite yet dainty decorations. The punch booth was very unique indeed. The electric lamps were all adorned with tissue paper of various colors. Japanese decorations added greatly to the effect and while of course green and white were the predominating colors, yet did you happen to notice that the committee had been thoughtful enough to represent each class by its

class colors? The program was finely arranged. The farce "Aunt Robertina" was given and I think that if anybody entered with the blues he must have departed in merry spirits. What is more they had an orchestra that was equal to the task of putting forth music that would make anyone feel like promenading all the time.

The match promenade especially was a great success. In fact everything was arranged in such splendor that I could only look on, except once where I took an active part in drinking punch. Everyone went home with his mind full of good things, and who could help it?

Merry, Merry Christmas! caw! caw! caw!



Grinds.



From the behavior of several Senior Mathematics scholars, who sit in the very front seats now, one might think that first-week Juniors, rather than Seniors, were reciting.

The second year French class seems to be in a deep sea of trouble over grammar rules, for it is getting to be a very frequent occurrence for the teacher to invite the members of said class to study their lesson during the recitation period instead of reciting it. (The third year French class offers its heartfelt sympathy!)

The following outburst of genius (?) was occasioned by the Junior-Middle girls' appearing one day with their hair

fixed "old-lady fashion" (up on their heads in a highly extended knob):

"Who are these old ladies

That we meet in the hall?—

With their locks wreathed up upon their heads

We don't know them at all."

W. E. G. (translating in Greek): "Words of sweet honey flowed from his lips." (Later.) "A herd of bees flew by."

H. L. M. did not really need to speak her piece in Elocution, illustrating "Slide," for she gave a most effective example of it, when she gracefully (?) went up the steps of the platform.

A. M. B. "Emmène cette espèce d'Euripide." "Take out this piece of Euripides."

E. R. F. (translating French): "He advanced and climbed up onto the roof of a small bodyguard."

I. B. K. must be doing a good deal in the gunning line since his last hair-cut, for he has taken an innumerable number of "ducks" since then.

F. J. S. "Verteilen Sie sich in der Gesellschaft." "Scatter yourself amongst the company."

H. V. A. "Necker was by nationality a foreign banker."

If C. G. McD. would, of his own accord, attend to his Geometry recitation instead of being so much interested in several girls over in his direction, the

professor would not have to request him to do so every few minutes, as he does now.

H. V. A. "On entra dans l'auberge par deux portes." "He entered the inn by two doors."

Teacher (coming into room and beckoning to scholar): "I would like to take you apart for a few minutes."

The scholars are not the only ones who are favored with occasional shower baths nowadays. A certain teacher had a very narrow escape when calling, a night or two ago.

Oh no, Junior! Those wings upon the piano in Mr. Bingham's office were not discarded by any of the Senior girls. They belong to Winged Victory.

A Few Themes.

A Modern Fairy-Tale.

In this enlightened age people have come to lose faith in Brownies and Fairies, which is of course a great pity. Even little children laugh at the mere mention of these mysterious beings and turn, with a very superior air, to digest the latest criticism of Modern Literature, etc. In spite of all this unbelief, I still like to experience that creepy, mysterious feeling when anything pleasant or unfortunate happens.

One day a good fairy, I am sure, came to school, and while we were in chapel visited one of the down-stairs rooms. I know it wasn't a Brownie, because they are always doing mischief, and what happened down stairs wasn't at all mischiev-

ous. On every desk lay the prettiest bunch of mayflowers, but there weren't any messages wound round their stems. Fairies don't always send messages, and I rather think this was a wingless Fairy so it probably didn't have time enough to write so many notes. If that isn't a proof that those little sprites still exist, I'd like to know what it all means.

The Hidden Drawer.

A long time ago, before the Revolution, my great-grandfather came over from England, bringing with him his wife and a few possessions. The voyage was long and wearisome. At last they reached the coast of Massachusetts on a stormy day in November. Of course in those days

there were no houses or homes of any kind in this country.

So, as there was no place to go to, they had a bed of moss for a pillow that night. The next day great-grandfather set to work to fell some trees, thus making a clearing; and then he built a log house which was among the best in those days.

The next fall, after he had arranged everything comfortable, and had raised enough corn and potatoes to keep his family through the winter, he set sail for England. When he came back he brought with him a small chest which had a secret drawer somewhere in it.

He told his folks that he who showed himself smart enough to find this secret compartment was worthy of what he should find. Everyone related to him tried many times and failed.

So it was handed down from one generation to the one following till it fell to our family. Each of my brothers and sisters tried to open the chest, but was unsuccessful, and at last I took it and worked on it a long time.

In running my hand over the side I felt something give way, but my hand was moving so fast that I had passed over the place before I could stop. I retraced the ground over which I had passed, but could find no place that looked any different from the rest. So it went on for years unopened.

At last this chest fell one day from a high shelf, and in falling hit against the stove. In some way it must have hit a spring, for when I picked it up the drawer was open.

On top was a letter indistinct and yellow with age; underneath was pink cotton; inside this in a velvet case were three large diamonds of the purest water.

It filled me with awe to look upon that which my great-grandfather had had and brought way over from England with him so many years ago, and these diamonds will probably always stay in the family.

A Home Product.

My neighbor, Mr. B., being a stockholder in a large western mail-order firm, is a great believer in western goods, and does almost all his trading with this house. He declares that western shoes are a great deal better than those bought here in the East. So, when he sent an order, a while ago, he ordered several pairs of shoes for his family. The goods arrived safely, and when the shoe box was opened, his enthusiasm was somewhat dimmed by the announcement on several boxes, "Made by W. S. & R. W. Pillsbury, West Derry, N. H."

Girls.

Girls are queer; there is no doubt about it in my mind. They act queerly, think queerly, and do their hair up queerly. No one can tell what a girl will do; she can't herself, she does things without reason and without cause. I could cite many cases of this, but,—well girls are girls, and we shall have to let it go at that.

In Fly-Time.

There is a fly perched on my pen looking at me with an impertinent look on his face,

"Hello, Mr. Fly, what do you think you're looking at anyway?" says I.

"Oh, nothing," he returns, "I was just trying to find out what you're going to write for a theme."

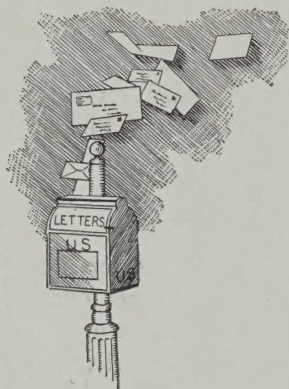
"Guess you know more about that than I do myself; say, what makes you wiggle your legs so?"

"Suffering microbes! Didn't you ever see anyone washing his face? Open that ink-well will you, I'm getting thirsty" and so saying he flew down to the open well and after pumping his system full of ink, flew across the room and alighted on a girl's ear to listen to her thoughts.

A School-room Hero.

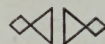
I sometimes wish that the story of the princess who threw her glove into the pit among the lions, just to see if a certain

young man would get it for her, had never been written. She established a very bad precedent that seems to grow more common as the years advance. In Elocution today one girl dropped the same piece of paper no less than three times; the girl nearest her then let fall her note-book; and then the first girl sent her pen rolling among feet and chair-legs. As I was the nearest boy, of course I had to pick them all up. At the beginning of the next period a girl lost her grip on her pencil, and when she looked suggestively over, I took the hint. As I write this I don't dare lift my eyes from my paper, lest I be obliged again to play the part of hero.

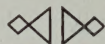


The Exchanges received this term have been well gotten up papers and exceedingly interesting. Those of special merit are: *The Distaff*, Girl's High School, Boston; *Ye Tattler*, Lebanon, N. H.; *Quarterly Tattler*, New York, N. Y.; *The Colby Academy Voice*, New London, N. H.; *The Oracle*, Manchester, N. H.; *The Sagamore*, Brookline, Mass., and the *Hermonite*, Mt. Hermon, Mass.

Where are your Exchange columns *H. S. Breccia*, *E. H. S. Enterprise*, *Lookout*, *Tattler* and *Academian*? We miss this column, which is to us quite as important as is the rest of the paper.



Exchanges.



The cover of *Vermont Academy Life* is artistic and has caused much favorable comment. The Exchange column of *The Advance* could be greatly improved, also the cover too could be improved by not having such a heavy design and such a blinding color.

We acknowledge also the following Exchanges with thanks: *The Dartmouth*, Hanover, N. H.; *The Tiltonian*, Tilton, N. H.; *The Sanborn Echo*, Kingston, N. H.; *The Skirmisher*, Bordentown, N. J.; *The C. H. S. Volunteer*, Concord, N. H.; *The Imp*, Boston, Mass.; *The Review*, Watertown, Mass.; *The Bugle*, Bakersfield, Vermont; and *The Review*, Lowell, Mass.

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